

Saturday, November Twenty-fifth, 1911.

Sowing Dragons' Teeth

MARTIAL LAW in Mexico, with summary execution of alleged political offenders, is, of course, a confession of the inadequacy of the government to deal with crime through its civil courts. The use of this terrible method of reprisal may be necessary at this time, but if it is, then God save Mexico. For, as Carlyle says, never was seed sown that springs to multiply as does the blood of men slain in civil or religious conflict. It was true of Madero's cause, and from the blood of the slain sprang the partisans that put Madero in Chapultepec. Now it is to work the other way, and out of rebels and bandits Madero will create "martyrs" from whose seed will come more rebels and more bandits.

This business of sending a squad under a lieutenant to chase suspects across country and assassinate them when caught, upon only a drumhead examination, makes an unpleasant impression upon Americans. To pursue, to arrest, to confine those suspected of intrigue—these are necessary, desirable, and commendable. But to stand men against the wall for a death volley, without the benefit of a trial, can be only the last extreme of a sorely pressed government, or else the too precipitate and ill considered expedient of a government which, without sufficient cause, fancies itself insecure, and betrays its feeling through sanctioning excesses.

Even in the great American conflict, half a century ago, when over a million were in arms and the hearts of men were strained to the breaking point, when bitterness ruled and measures of reprisal were conceived too often in hate and cruel excess, even then, offenders against the military law, spies, deserters, flagrant transgressors, were never put to death without formal trial, and the formal written approval of a general officer after full consideration of the case. These cases went up through the grades for approval, from brigade to division commanders, to corps commanders, and generally on to the supreme commander of the armies in the field, by whom they were referred, except in the most urgent cases, to the commander in chief of the army, the president of the United States, or the president of the confederacy. This was how Americans engaged in as bitter strife as the world ever knew, respected the lives of men charged with crime.

But Mexico gives the power of life and death to a sergeant, or a lieutenant, or a colonel, and orders some petty officer to chase down malefactors and murder them. It would be in better taste if suspects were ordered arrested and taken before a general officer for trial, no executions to be permitted without the special approval of the president of the republic, or at the very least, the general commanding the military department, who may be presumed to be a man of some responsibility and discretion.

If president Madero does not wish to lose some of the prestige of good will he has built up, both in Mexico and the United States, he will do well to go a little soft on this "summary execution" business. It may suit the little republic of the South America and Central America, but it does not suit the Mexico of the year 1911. Italy is making the same mistake in Morocco, and for every Moor whose life is taken thus in angry haste, three Italians will die within the year. It is the law of the jungle, and Mexico has been supposed to have advanced beyond that stage.

A revision of feeling is what Madero needs, and Madero in his place. A revision of feeling now might embarrass Madero just as he is seeking to put his reforms into effect. Public opinion on his side is quite as important as a loyal army—perhaps more so. If Madero's enemies succeed in exciting sympathy, it may be worth more to them than guns and powder.

To shed blood in the manner inaugurated this week on the border, is to sow dragons' teeth. Can no other way be found? The friends of Mexico, her sincere well-wishers, hope there is some mistake in the report of Madero's order. One hardly knows whether to characterize it as savage, or as pitifully weak. In either case it is as dangerous as it is unworthy of the republic and its chief executive.

Paradise Regained

A FIFTY PERCENT increase in the water rate to all domestic consumers and commercial houses, requires more than a word to explain it, especially with the provision incorporated in the council's resolution that makes it possible to conclude special contracts at special rates with any large consumer. The people have been prepared for some necessary increase, but it would seem to an unprejudiced observer as if the easy-going taxpaying public were entitled to a figure or two, on which to base a judgment. The childlike simplicity of such expressions as, "Great sums of money," in an official document involving an increase of some \$40,000 per year in the cost of water supply to the people, is doubtless most pleasing to every member of the "Don't Worry Club." The audit committee, that is, the committee in the opinion of the mayor and city council, that the taxpayers be officially informed that there have been spent, for divers and sundry things, "Great sums of money." The formula is recommended as a nerve sedative, soothing and sleep inducing. Why trouble one's self over anything ever anyhow? Things are all right. Let things be. Let the earth revolve. Let the stars shine. Let time go on. Don't worry. Please don't. You might throw everything off balance. Smile and you win friends wherever you go—Ella Willer Wheelock says so. You deceive yourself if you think that knowledge brings happiness. Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, and they have been paying taxes and water bills ever since.

Paying the Price

MAYBE we should not have tarred her—such is the extent of the contradiction expressed by one of the self-confessed Kansas savages, who has been given a sentence of one year in jail for his part in the orgie. These brutes were all "prominent citizens" in their little town, prosperous farmers, merchants, millers, and so on. Their lustful minds had been poisoned by gossip like themselves, until they resolved to "paint the school teacher" as a "hint to leave town." So they attacked a helpless girl, five or six savages to one unprotected and unsuspecting female, and indulged their foul propensities in the name of morality and reform, and a "cleaner Shady Bend." Outside of lynching orgies in Illinois, Ohio, Texas, and Mississippi, it is doubtful if American criminal annals contain a comparable case. Fortunately, the trial came up before a judge of backbone and decency, and one year in jail is the sentence imposed even on those that have pleaded guilty.

Thomas Hardy might use that local color. The local color in this case was a patented roof paint. This happened in Kansas, where the farmers, universally acknowledged to be the repositories of all wisdom, virtue, and piety, were masks for fear the Lord might recognize them as they pursued Art for Art's Sake.

Quick trial, quick punishment, swift and sure, will help to discourage such indulgence at another's expense. That Virginia case—it is over, and few are sorry it is over. Sad the death of the young man, sadder still the sorrow of his stricken family, and so deep the suffering of the family of the murdered wife that they cannot find it in their hearts to feel or express resentment against the wayward youth who has paid the price.

For governor Mann, there can be nothing but admiration and gratitude, for his firmness in this case. Here was a criminal of wealthy and prominent family, with powerful friends, personal and political; false sentiment aroused the country over, and tremendous pressure from a thousand sources, seeking to have the governor interfere with the course of justice. Against it all he stood like a rock, and accepted his great responsibility without a quaver, yet without unnecessary harshness. It was the law, the man's guilt was unquestionable, and why should he interfere? He took the hard but the righteous course, and upheld the rights of the sovereign state of Virginia.

To him, above all men, it must have been a relief, nevertheless, when the murderer, in the shadow of the death chair, confessed his crime. It must have removed a weight from the governor's breast, to have the truth from the condemned man's lips. Before, he believed; now, he knew. And the years will be sweeter for that assurance.

Virginia has set a blaring precedent for all the states, in this trial and its inevitable sequel. The conduct of the case from corner's hearing to the hour of execution was a model of dispatch, moderation, even handed justice, official integrity, and firm principle. Wealth and influence availed the prisoner nothing, and only the law and the facts were considered. There were no delays on technicalities, no useless stalling of proceedings or of sentence, but only a prompt and orderly trial, as the constitution provides.

If Texas were to profit by the example of Virginia in the Beattie case, perhaps our awful homicide roll—annually 1-10th of all in the United States, though the state has but 1-20th of the population—might shrink and cease to shame us so.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

(New York Press.)

Anything that is irregular is irresistible to human nature.

The thing a man admires about his wife's sweet curls is when they are packed away for the summer.

Once in a while a man is so honest he really practices it in spite of everybody thinking what a fool he is for doing it.

If a man had nine bath tubs in the house he'd manage somehow to keep all the family waiting till he came out of them.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.

(Topeka Journal.)

One thing is a certainty. Some person's dispositions could not be any worse.

Excuses of having staid up all night in order to see Halley's comet are now out of order.

It is much easier for a fellow to tell a girl how he loves her than it is for him to tell the same thing to her father.

Riches have wings, no doubt, but that's a very good reason why they all get so difficult for most people to get their hands on.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I HAD taken ponds of poison, I had taken loads of pills, in a fierce, prolonged endeavor to alleviate my ills; from a thousand drugstore flagons I had blown the costly foam, and I talked about my symptoms till the all-fired cows came home. And it used to grieve me vastly that my friends refused to stand while I talked of my diseases and my ills, to hear the land. Then my Uncle Jeremiah came and sat beside my cot, and he said: "I will not listen to a string of tommyrot; you have talked about your ailments, you have brooded over your pains, till you think them living issues, and they've soured your poor old brains. I have come around to cure you, and I will," my uncle said, and he took me by the ankles and he hauled me out of bed. Then he made me don my raiment and he chased me out of doors, and he urged me with a pitchfork till I helped him do the chores. All the day he kept me humping and whenever I paused to tell of my handsome line of symptoms, he would simply give a yell, and look around him for a derrick; so I learned to hold my peace, and I also learned the value, as a cure, of elbow grease!

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The Daily Horrorscope By T. K. Hedrick

The "Gink" Says:

(November 25-.)



what irritating.

(Copyright, 1911, The Adams Newspaper Service.)

The Pendant

(By Henri Falk.)

The Herald's Daily Short Story

TODAY Mme. Persiray had got up early and began to tidy her dressing table. Opening a silver jewel case she cried in a voice of despair:

"My pendant!"

M. Persiray, who was reading in bed, dropped his paper and jumped out on the floor. Pointing to the empty case, his wife cried:

"It is not there! It has been stolen! My pendant!"

"Oh, I suppose you must have mislaid it somewhere,"

They rummaged feverishly every drawer in the dressing table, every nook and corner in the wardrobe and their stoat staring at each other. Persiray, who was rather stout, had become quite purple in the face with emotion. He threw himself into an easy chair and scratched his head. His wife who was thin and nervous, had grown pale, almost green, and pressed her hands against her beating heart. They had retired from business some years before, were very saving, and the loss of a jewel valued at \$500 francs was a very serious matter to them.

"Now let us see," he panted, "when did we lose it last?"

A week ago, at Laurier's dinner party, and I remember distinctly putting it back into the case when we came home."

"And you are sure you did not leave the key in the lock, or carry the key in your pocketbook?"

The lock, which was of excellent workmanship, had not been forced.

The clock struck eight. The younger Persiray's wife still asleep, as Firmin did not have to go out on his rounds, nor Celeste to her music lessons. Their mother ran to their rooms to wake them up, but when she had done so, she found a family council was held in the parents' room. Firmin, a lanky young fellow, about 18, was sitting on the bed, waiting to go back to bed, while Celeste, a girl of 15, opened her blue eyes wide in surprise. Whom should they expect to see at this hour? It was Firmin, the fat cook, both gave way to suitable exclamations of surprise. When they had been sent out again Persiray asked:

"Did you notice how Celeste blushed?"

"Did papa," cried Celeste, "she is the niece of the dairyman."

"And I engaged Annette," said madame, "because she had such excellent recommendations from a Russian family."

"Certainly," said Firmin, "Annette is a very honest girl."

Other suggestions were made. They remembered the visits of several agents, of a woman who would sell lace, but none of them had been inside. Then there was a masseur, but he was a congerie.

Persiray entered with some letters. Among them was a printed circular which read: "John Gibewlett, former detective, Villard's Revenge, a tale of Paris. Shadowing, divorces, detective work of all kinds. Success certain. Payment only in case of success."

"Here it is, darling," and took the pendant from his pocket.

"Thank you Juliet," he replied, slipping it into her own pocket. "Have you had the sapphires changed?"

"You bet! It was done the day after yesterday. I had them set in a new setting, so they will look right away. But it will be better for you to leave this house."

"Oh, there is nothing to be afraid of. Here is another letter from the young one."

"Good! And now begin your part."

She threw herself down on her knees and began to sob. Juliet threw the door wide open and, once more adopted the English accent, he said, pointing to Annette:

"Here is the thief. She is quite ready. You'd better repeat your confession. Did you steal the pendant?"

"Yes, monsieur," she sobbed.

"Where is it?"

"When the clock struck half past eight, the door bell rang and the chambermaid admitted a thin gentleman who bowed stiffly. He was the typical Sherlock Holmes in appearance, smooth-shaven, hair parted in the middle with great care, bushy eyebrows, gray penetrating eyes, thin lips and a yellowish-green complexion. With a strong English accent he exclaimed:

"How did the Englishmen?" murmured M. Persiray, who was fond of reading detective stories, began:

"We received a circular from you this morning, sir."

"Oh, yes," the detective answered, "I did send out some circulars yesterday. I have just come to France. At present time is money. Do you want me to find the stolen article or not?"

"Certainly I should like you to try, but hadn't I better know your price beforehand?"

"It will cost you nothing if I don't find the article," he consented to tell a few

EVERY COUNTRY BOY KNOWS THE JOY OF HUNTING RABBITS

"Molly Cottontail" Furnishes Sport in Many Ways and Is the Prey of All Young Hunters.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

FAMILIAR to every country boy in the land is the spectacle of a general assortment of dogs of high and low degree, reinforced by a yelling pack of lusty youngsters, armed with sticks and stones, joining in pursuit of that classic quarry, the fleet footed "Mollie Cottontail."

Every hunter, as a matter of fact, began his hunting with a rabbit, for the cottontail falls victim to his two-legged enemy long before that hopeful is the proud owner of a rifle, an air gun, or a single-barreled shotgun. Every boy that gets a genuine square deal in this life has a dog, and the greatest dog in the world for any boy is a rabbit dog. The term is a broad and general one. Almost any kind of a dog will run a rabbit, with varying degrees of success, depending on the size of the dog, his speed, and the nature of the ground in which the quarry is hunted. What is more picturesque than a field full of happy youngsters, lined up like a row of pickets, as they scour the brush for a rabbit, or a bunch of canines, each looking for the supreme moment when a rabbit shall be sprung. None of them owns a gun, the authorities at home having ruled that guns shall come later on in life, but each hopes to kill a rabbit "settling" the rabbit meat?

The outward march is not without results, for the rabbit, as a rule, is a rouser. A rabbit from his warm bed at the foot of some weeds, a brown form gives a leap, a cur dog gives tongue, the rest of the pack joins in the animal chorus, and then each boy employs a pair of lusty lungs to swell the music, and somehow some dog, old or young, takes the lead, and the rest follow. Every pair of juvenile eyes, each dog's nose, and every child's eye, follow the course of that rabbit and it must be a wily old "Toad" which that crowd cannot rouse him.

The Attack on the Brush Pile.

"Come on fellows," yells a leader of the attacking army, "he's in that brush pile." Then one by one, flea, fox terrier, pointer, setter, coon dog, possum hunter, and all, joined at intervals by a boy all out of breath, surround that brush pile with its frightened inmate. The rabbit, as a rule, is a coward, and he will not stand a close approach. Not get away. Not the slightest flinched on every side, Molly Cottontail has but to wait for the finish. It is coming, swiftly and surely. Every kid grabs a piece of brush and tosses it aside. Each dog, sentinal like, takes a position around the brush pile. Smaller and smaller grows the brown and tangled heap, and nearer and nearer that rabbit comes toward the final curtain. Not much more of the pile is left, and a youngster mounts it in a jiffy and begins to jump up and down for dear life.

"Watch out fellows," he yells in warning admonition, "he'll be coming in a minute, and a tighter growl the o'clock about the prisoner. Each dog hears and understands thoroughly, and accurate work to stop a cottontail, on many an occasion a rabbit will furnish an interesting situation for the sportsman. A rabbit is a creature of no respect of time or place, and even though the bird dog is working out a hot trail on birds, it takes him time to deal with a rabbit. It takes a lot of self-denial on the part of any dog to pass up a rabbit running for quail not yet located. On the prairie a pretty race is furnished by the great jack rabbit and the fleet greyhound. The rabbit, as a rule, is a coward, and he will not stand a close approach. Not get away. Not the slightest flinched on every side, Molly Cottontail has but to wait for the finish. It is coming, swiftly and surely. Every kid grabs a piece of brush and tosses it aside. Each dog, sentinal like, takes a position around the brush pile. Smaller and smaller grows the brown and tangled heap, and nearer and nearer that rabbit comes toward the final curtain. Not much more of the pile is left, and a youngster mounts it in a jiffy and begins to jump up and down for dear life.

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